THE UNDERGRADUATE.

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THE UNDERGRADUATE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING COLLEGE YEAR.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

TENNIS and baseball are fierce rivals for the public favor. Why shouldn't we have a tennis tournament as well as ball games?

THE students have been pleased with the interest that the business manager has taken in the team, and his success on the financial score. We hope that in the ensuing year we may be so fortunate as to secure as good services.

THE grading of a small part of the campus in front of Painter Hall is certainly a great improvement. If this work could be extended, it would add much to the natural beauty of our grounds. Middlebury is fortunate in having a campus which offers the opportunity of making it equal to that of almost any college in the country. Even as it is, with its various trees offering shade and forming splendid avenues, Middlebury should be proud of it. However, we should not rest content with mediocrity, but aspire to the best. We hope that more of the campus may be improved in the same way.

REPEATEDLY it has come to our ears that the success of our paper depends largely upon our alumni news. If such is the case, can it be accomplished by the editors alone? Our association has not enough wealth to send reporters to every place on this terrestial foot-stool where "Old Midd." is represented.

We simply desire to ask the alumni to send in any news concerning themselves or other graduates of Middlebury which will be of interest.

It is with great pleasure that we are able to publish a letter from one of our oldest alumni. We earnestly desire that this may be followed by letters from others.

WE will just sit down and dash off a few editorials. Yes, but what will we write about? Aye, that's the question. The editorial brain whirls with thought, but even whirling like unto that of the small boy's top will not produce a striking idea. Our mind travels, quicker than a ball player ever stole second base, from the Raines bill to the discovery of Otter Creek, but good thoughts evade us, just as the saloon-keepers evade our prohibition law.

At last, in sheer desperation, we decide on a kiln-dried subject and try to put some life into its dusty frame. What our success is, the reader best knows, but we can form some idea from the melancholy wail of "Chestnut," that breaks from the lips of some one who is trying to read it. Yes, writing editorials is less difficult than only one thing and that is, making perfect recitations.

MEMORIAL day is past, and we may count ourselves among the first of the colleges to unfurl the stars and stripes above the halls of learning.

"Old Midd." has again shown her loyalty to the nation. Not only has she sent out men to guide her in her course and defend her in times of peril, but she has now erected an emblem in her honor—an emblem that shall proclaim justice and freedom in every breeze, and kindle in the breast of every student a love for her institutions that shall glow forever.

THE college is now beginning to show the interest in athletics which it should have had before. The ball team, although it did not win games on the trip, showed steady improvement and we have now confidence in their ability to play ball. All they needed was some strong teams to play against, which would give them the practice which can best be obtained by playing with teams as strong as themselves.

We have now a good team and some of our men are as good as any of whom the larger colleges can boast. To win games, the fellows need only one thing, the support and enthusiasm of the whole college. What contriouted largely to the weakness of the team at first was the coldness and even contempt of some of the college men for it. No such feelings can ever inspire a team with that confidence in itself, which is essential to success.

Then support the team. Attend the games; stir up others to go and, when on the field, cheer. There is nothing which makes the team feel more confident of the interest of their fellows in their success than ringing cheers. Make people understand that it is the Middlebury College team that is playing, and not a few men banded together to play ball. If the college will do this for the team, then the team can be relied upon to win games for the college.

LITERARY.

A STUDY IN SOUND.

Robert L. Rice, of the class of '98, was the successful competitor in a recent literary contest open to the undergraduates of the college. The theme treated by all participants was "A Study in Sound, *crescendo e diminuendo*" and was limited to two hundred words. Mr. Rice's paper is here presented, with slight modification:

A TROLLEY RIDE.

The warm sun falls brightly upon a moving electric car. Away on the right stretches out the calm, silent water of the Niagara, sweeping upon the shore with rythmic beat. A little below a faint murmur rises, growing steadily in volume. The river no longer runs smooth and tranquil, but begins to foam. The water dashes higher. The roar becomes heavier. Over rock and stone, shrieking and howling, the waters run, now tossed on high, now dashed upon the rocks beneath. The noise is deafening. Below yawns the cataract. Leaping, dashing onward, with one stupendous howl the river plunges crashing down upon the rocks below.

Past the falls rushes the car. The loud roaring rings in our ear. Through the gorge hurries the water Into the whirlpool, hissing and writhing it flies. Tossed hither and thither, the waves rise and fall. But now the water runs more calmly, the roar lessens. Below, Lake Ontario reaches out, calm and placid. The noise grows fainter and fainter in the distance. The night is falling. The sound is almost swallowed up. As we strain our ears for the last faint murmur, it fades away. The softening twilight has fallen and with it the roar of the mighty cataract becomes but a memory.

FISHING FOR SALMON.

In this section of the country we have had, all of us, more or less experience catching brook and lake trout.

How many of us know what it is to take salmon weighing from 15 to 25 pounds on trout tackle, with silk line and reel? Ah me, that that sport should lie 2000 miles away, or in the past only!

You sink your hook deep to the bottom of the pool. Your salmon takes it in a heavy matter-of-fact way, without any particular enthusiasm or eclat. But when he feels the hook, he is evidently surprised, makes a great jerk or two, and then thinks 'tis time to be off—goes out of the pool and down stream. Whiz-z-z goes your reel! Now hold reel and rod as heavily as your rig will bear. Away he tears against you—50 yards out, 75, 100; 25 more and he has got your rig. Then he slackens. He's getting tired of this pull—he stops, heads about, sulks a little, you are pulling on him; he darts up a rod or two; look out now, don't let him get a slack and turn; for he will carry off everything. Up he darts again. I tell you you must not let that line slack! See there! he is back in the pool, wants to dart through and up the stream. You can stop it, for there is a swift current to help you. Now begins the real

fight. He dashes to the bottom, then leaps out of the water—his full length—the great beauty! then in a flash to this side and that of the pool—perhaps 20 yards in diameter and up and down it. Keep your line taut! Never mind the reel; pull it in hand over hand, hold it with your thumb to the pole. Can't get it in fast enough? Look out! he's going down stream again! Hold him, I say! ah there! you have stopped him. Phew! what a splash he made then, whipping the pool into a foam. Look out! he's getting tired. Don't get nervous and hold harder than your rod will bear, or jerk on it. It won't do. It is too big a fish for jerks. Ah! there he turns up on his side. He's played out. With the great thrashing of a final effort he dashes up close to your shore and you gaff him. A 25 pounder!

I remember carrying two of them to camp once, a two-mile walk. Hadn't tramped a mile before I wished I had caught but one; was half a mile further before wishing that the first one had carried off hook, line and all. But next day I was just as eager to try the very thing over again. T. H.

THE AMELY BURR STORM.

I was on my way to the village of Attlebury to act as stenographer for the county court soon to convene there. I had reached Birmingham early that afternoon, and was there to take the stage over the mountains to my destination; but the storm had set in, and the driver, after scanning the heavens critically, had declared the trip impracticable.

It was cold and dreary, and I began to long for companionship--anything to break the monotony.

Taking my pad, I went down to the office and seating myself prepared to write some letters. A little group of men, among whom I distinguished the commander of my overland passenger vessel, were hovering around the stove, led by an old patriarch who appeared to be on the farther side of eighty.

His hair was long and silvery; and although he was short of stature, and sat bent low over a curious old twisted cane, there was something about his broad forehead and strong features which impressed one with the idea that his had been a vigorous intellect in its day.

"This storm," the old man was saying, "reminds me of the Amely Burr storm. Let's see. That was way back in twenty-three. I guess thar' don't many of you remember quite so long ago as that, eh?"

He glanced around over the group, not one of whom was less than thirty years younger than himself, and smiled.

"Well, that was called the wust storm we've ever had since Birmingham was first settled. People used to reckon time from it them days. It was called the Amely Burr storm for this reason. Amely Burr was a woman that lived up in Berkshire. She was a little *non compos*"—tapping his forehead significantly with the handle of his cane. "She had been down here to the settlement beggin' that day, an' was on her way up the east road, when the storm struck her an' carried her 'way over in the lot several rods from the road. They never found her till the next spring, when the drifts thawed out. She was just one great human icicle. You move her arms an' legs an' you could hear the ice crackle."

The old man glanced around the circle. One man took out his handkerchief and wiped a bald spot on the top of his head as though his brain felt heated. Another fellow was, apparently, trying, Baron Munchausen-like, to draw himself out of the slough of incredultity by his boot-straps. My friend, the stage-driver, after rubbing his nose a little, inquired:

"Why didn't she thaw out when the snow banks did?"

Mr. Williams eyed him almost savagely; then thumped the floor vigorously with his cane.

"Because," he explained, emphasizing every syllable with a rap, "she was all buried under but one hand. Some boys, out slidin' in the lot, saw it stickin' up through a drift an' ran home scair't half to death. Then the men came an' dug her out."

The old man glanced around again, with a defiant look: but if any of his hearers entertained any further doubts regarding his veracity, they kept a discreet silence So, presently, he proceeded:

"That was the first year I came here. You see my father was poor an' had a big family, an' I was lame an' couldn't do much to help him. (We lived down to New Haven then.) So my father sent me up here to my Uncle Nate's, who didn't have any children of his own an' was pretty well off—run a tannery an' owned the stage route from here to Troas. I had been livin' with him 'bout a year, when he set me to drivin' the stage; an' mighty big I felt the first day I climbed up an' took the reins. Well, the day of the Amely Burr storm 'twas blowin' consid'able when I drove up to the post office—'twas up to the Center then, for there was only a settlement down here--Sodom, the Center folks called it. After puttin' up the horses

I started for Uncle Nate's, carryin' over my shoulder a big gray sleigh robe that I 'd bought for him down to Troas. When I got to the grave-yard I hesitated a minute, an' then opened the gate an' went in. You see it was consid'able shorter that way; but it was growin' dusk, an' the wind howled most mournful 'mongst the stones. The snow was driftin' in queer, little curlin' eddies 'round the ends of the graves an' stones; but I didn't stop long to admire them. You see I thought Uncle Nate would want me at home to help him do up the chores, 't was growin' dark so fast"

Mr. Williams laughed long at his own little joke—a small, old-fashioned laugh, that sounded as though it belonged to some bygone generation.

"Well, I got through the grave-yard all right without seein' any ghost; but just as I got to the gate on the other side, I saw somethin' that rather startled me. I wasn't but eighteen then, you know.

"Just across the road lived Lyman Atwater. You've all heard of Uncle Lime, I s'pose. He wa' n't nobody's uncle in partic'lar, but was everybody's uncle in general. He was the greatest practical joker ever I see. He was rather short, but his wife was some six foot high. One day he come into the house draggin' a thirty-foot ladder after him, right into the door.

"'W'y Lyman,' says his wife, 'What in creation are you goin' to do with that ladder?'

"'I just come after a kiss, Mirandy,' answered Uncle Lime."

"But what was it that startled you so?" interpolated the fellow with the boots on.

"As I was sayin', when I got to the gate, I see somethin' over in front of Uncle Lime's house. There was somethin' black there that looked like a man, an' some big white thing that I couldn't make out. But I went right along an' was comin' through the gate, feelin' kind of nervous, when a blast of wind come shriekin' 'round the corner of the church, an' that old gate give a most unearthly groan. It scairt me myself, bein' all strung up as I was, tryin' to make out what that white object was; but that man acrost the road looked in my direction, give one howl, an' disappeared up the road like the wind.

"His actions kind of s'prised me, until I thought of that gray robe that I had hung over my shoulders. I was just goin' to laugh about it, when that big white thing come tearin' acrost the road, an' I just had time to catch sight of a white starin' face, with great horns growin' out of his for'ad, when he struck me in the stummick an' knocked me clean over the fence into a little drift down by one of the graves.

"I lay there about five or ten minutes, rollin' 'round in the snow an' groanin' with the stummick ache. Then I got up an' staggered home. But it was several weeks after the storm was over before I found out what had struck me.

"You see, a little while before that Uncle Lime had put a calf up in the belfry of the church to bother the sexton, Hi Martin. How he ever got it up there we never knew, for we had an awful time gettin' it down again alive. It was Hi's own calf, too. They never knew for certain that Uncle Lime did it, but nobody else would ever have thought of such a trick.

"The critter behaved well enough till Hi got up there, only blattin' a little. Uncle Lime had tied her to the bell rope, an' every time Hi tried to get 'round to her head to untie her, the calf would swing 'round an' thump Hi up against the beams, an' at the same time give the bell rope a yank, an' 'clang! clang!' would go the bell overhead.

"Well, Hi got pretty mad, 'specially when a lot of us come rushin' in to know what that bell was ringin' so for. We laughed so for a while that we couldn't help him any, but finally we set to work an' carried the critter down. Hi declared he'd get even with Uncle Lime some way, though he claimed that he didn't know anything about it till he heard the bell janglin'.

"An' that was what Hi was tryin' to do that night; for it was Hi that run so. He'd gone an' borrowed Sol Bascom's cross goat without permission, an' was tryin' to tie it to Uncle Lime's door-knob, when I come through the grave-yard and the gate made that noise. He was goin' to rap on the door an' give the goat a kick an' run, so that the critter would be all ready to bunt when Uncle Lime opened the door. But the goat was contrary, an' while Hi was tuggin' at the rope tryin' to get him up to the steps, he saw me and took me for a ghost an' run. So I got the bunt that was meant for Uncle Lime."

The hotel gong rang for supper at this moment, and the crowd dispersed.

A BIT OF SUNSHINE.

The car was nearly filled. Near the front sat a dear old lady, just a little deaf, but with such a sweet smile that she won the hearts of all.

A few seats back a cross and crabbed middle aged man frowned every time the door opened, and sighed when it closed. Across the isle sat a young woman with three children, the youngest, an infant, which constituted a whole orchestra in itself. A little farther back was a lady who nervously clutched the seat at every jolt of the car, and asked each person within reach, and the train boy many times, if the track was safe. Of course the dude was present. He sat upon the rear seat, and yawned meditatively upon self for occupation.

The rest of the company were neither better nor worse than those usually found in such places.

The conductor came in to take the fare, also calling out the next station. A look of bewilderment spread over the old lady's face, and noticing it, he kindly bent his burly form and repeated the name. "O thank you," said she with such a pleased and grateful smile, that he sent a swift, shame-faced glance about to see if anyone saw it. Then he held out his hand for the ticket. Quickly she laid her small, cotton gloved hand within and shook his heartily, saying "I told father folks would be good to me, he was sort o' worrying, you know, 'cause I a'n't used to going about much. Here the first thing you, Mr. Conductor, are just" —— The conductor hastily withdrew his hand and said, "No! No! I—I—your ticket." "Why, I clean forgot," said she, "father told me to be sure to give it to you." Then down she dove into a very capacious pocket and brought up the necessary bit of cardboard. Taking it, the conductor moved on, but with a pleasant remembrance of the sweet face smiling up into his.

"Here you, conductor!" said the cross old man, "can't you put a stop to that yawling?" pointing with a disdainful finger across the isle. "I'll sue this road if they don't forbid a child stepping into a car. Ought to have a special for them anyway, then there'd be no place for it, but before the engine. Guess we wouldn't hear the racket then." The conductor punched his ticket in silence, and turned to the young mother.

"Please won't you have that window closed," said she, indicating the one where sat the old man. "I am sure baby wouldn't cry so if he wasn't cold." "I'll see, madam," was his reply and again turning to her grumbling neighbor, he curtly closed the window, in spite of his muttered imprecations.

Before he could reach the nervous lady she began to question him. How long before they would arrive at B——? What was the time now? Were there many bridges on that line? Were they all safe? Sure? Would he promise to save her if there should be an accident? Only the first he answered, cutting the rest short by his departure..

To the dude at the end of the car he answered not a word, when he asked if he wouldn't talk to him, for every one was so "beastly selfish;" but he turned and walked determinedly back to the gentle old lady who had so charmed and embarassed him. There sitting, he learned a part of the story of her life. She was going to visit her son John. Such a boy as he was — only forty. Charlie, her oldest son, had gone to another home now, she said through a mist of tears. "And do you know, Mr. Conductor, you are so like him." Just then the train stopped at her destination, and gathering up her boxes and bundles he tenderly helped her out. In her good bye, grasping his hand she said, "Thank you so much. I'll tell father how good you've been. I think Charlie would be as kind as yon are, if he had lived." The train whistled but still he stood looking with moist eyes after the little bent figure clad in rusty black.

Back in the car he buried himself in his newspaper, though even the cross old man noticed that it was wrong side up. Seeing the young mother approach the water tank, he quickly rose and brought the desired refreshment to her. As he, himself, held the cup to the child's lips he murmured, "I think Charlie would do it."

COMMUNICATIONS.

EDITORS OF THE UNDERGRADUATE:

Replying to your recent inquiry, I would inform you that I am in my ninety-fourth year, and the last survivor of the class of 1823.

Kind reader do you wish to know
How the swift years oft come and go
When ninety-three have passed away?
List then, our episode will say.

Sometimes I take awhile the chair
Of ease, and ponder there when care
Is hushed, and garlands make and place
O'er memory's moss grown tomb, and trace
The flight of years and fancies woo,
(Age oft, has little else to do.)

Or pen in hand vain efforts make
In colored outlines to awake

Exhausted, and the sleeping powers
And normal love of summer flowers.

Or fain sometimes attempt to weave
A song—infirm and on the eve
Of life, when sight is blear and dim
And cup of time filled to the brim,
The senses swim, and ear and hand
Refuse obedience at command,
And thus in second childhood play
Oft shimmer o'er a moody day.

'Tis height of woe awaiting age,
Loved ones to see drop from the stage,
While furrows deepen on the brow
And left alone as I am now,
(Pardon our egotism. The day
Else would be drear, all friends away.

M. CLARK.

[In connection with the foregoing letter we are glad to reprint from the Poultney Journal of May 11, 1894, the following. Ed.]

OLD BOYS AT PLAY IN ACROSTICS.

We republish today "a friendly tribute" which appeared in our columns two weeks since. It was written by Charles R Ballard of Middletown Springs, and intended as a surprise for Mr. Clark of this place. Mr. Ballard is a graduate of Vermont university, late principal of Castleton high school, and verging towards three score and ten. We publish also Mr. Clark's reply. It is his first attempt at acrostics. His age is ninety-one.

A FRIENDLY TRIBUTE.

Mayhap these lines his practiced ear will suit,
E'en though he counts his more than ninety years:
Rounding his tenth decade in good repute,
Revered and named as first among his peers.

Indued with skill artistic, he displays
Touch that his juniors ne'er aspire to beat:
Tracing pen-pictures, multiform in phase,
Correct in outline, in detail complete.

Larger by much my verse would swell—but no!
Acrostic rule prevents my willing muse.
Restrained she curbs her fond desire, although
Kindly disposed to render amplest dues.

MR. CLARK'S REPLY.

Certain am I, to list and hear
His tribute friendly and sincere;
And when he wakes the fabled lyre
Rejuvenate the old time fire,
Lo, numbers rich and sparkling flow
E'en years of toil and winter snow
Seen naught to cool the after glow.

Recall we now his pristine fame.
Of other years a youthful flame
Lacking of mirth hath found no place
Lost is no beauty or the grace
In verbal flow or timely thought
Nor in the burnished rhythmic wrought.
Bards e'en like birds oft upward wing,
Acrostic write and sonnets sing,
Laurel befits the poet sage,
Laughter as well his written page.
And wit can fire the blood of age,
Restraint removed and cares away,
Dullards in age will sometimes play.

OBITUARY.

'36. William Dickinson Griswold died at his home in St. Louis, Mo., March 30th, 1896. He was born in Benson, Vermont, November 6th, 1815. He received his early education in the common schools. In his preparatory studies he was tutored by the late Truman M Post of the class of 1829. Soon after leaving college, and at the age of twenty years, Mr. Griswold went west and began the study of law at Indianapolis, Indiana. After his admission to the bar, he went to the town of Terre Haute, and began the practice of law in partnership with John P. Usher, who, in after years, was made Secretary of the Interior in President Lincoln's Cabinet. The law firm of Griswold & Usher became widely and well known in the states of Indiana and Illinois, and many important cases were committed to its charge.

Mr. Griswold went to Terre Haute in 1838 and resided there for thirty five years. In 1842 he married Miss Maria Lancaster of Taylorsville, Kentucky, who still survives him. They had three children, of which two are still living; a son, Joseph Lancaster, who is now the well-known hotel man and proprietor of the "Laclede" of St. Louis, Mo., and a daughter, Laura Isabella, wife of Mr. Huntington Smith of the same city.

After the expiration of the partnership with Mr. Usher, Mr. Griswold gradually relieved himself of the practice of law and took a great interest in the railroad development of his section of the country. He built the original Evansville and Crawfordsville Railroad and operated it for a period of three years, and was then called to take charge of the Terre Haute, Alton and St. Louis line which at that time was fast approaching a state of total wreck. As president and manager of this railroad he accomplished some of the best work of his life, and demonstrated his superior organizing and administrative ability. Later in the year 1864, Mr. Griswold took hold of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, and as president and manager, brought order out of chaos and put that important

line into the prominent place which it has ever since occupied.

Mr. Griswold went to St. Louis in 1872 and had resided there ever since. He was an excellent judge of real estate values and had unbounded confidence in the growth and extension of the city. It was his good judgment which directed him to the purchase of a large body of land lying to the north side of Forrest Park, between King's Highway and Union Avenue. The tract was purchased at the price of $1,000 per acre, and lay for years idle, and in the judgment of many business men, a dead piece of property. Time worked wonders with it, however, and justified all of Mr. Griswold's most sanguine expectations. Six years ago it was purchased by a syndicate of well-known citizens at the handsome figure of $5,000 per acre. It is to- ay one of the most attractive residence portions of the city, where all the improvements are made upon a scale of costly elegance. A home in Westmoreland Place or Portland Place implies wealth and taste, fulfilling Mr. Griswold's early conception of the ultimate value of that portion of the city.

'65. Rev. Juba Howe Vorce died in Hartford, Conn., Feb. 20, at the age of fifty-three. He was a native of Crown Point, N. Y., and after graduation here, attended and was graduated from Yale Divinity school, and was ordained to preach at Hanover, Conn, in 1870. After several pastorates in Connecticut, in 1893 he went to Enfield, Conn., in which town he preached until a few weeks before his death. He went to Hartford for surgical treatment, but died suddenly of apoplexy, only two weeks after the death of his father.

ALUMNI NEWS.

'53. J. A. Howe of Albany N. Y., is building a new cottage on Lake St. Catherine.

'64. Dr. J. A. Mead of Rutland has purchased a 28-foot steam cabin launch, which he will run privately on Lake Bomoseen this summer.

'68. Rev. Joel F. Whitney, after a successful pastorate of three years at Coventryville, N. Y., has resigned his position there and accepted a call from the Congregational church at Eldred, N. Y.

'69. Rev. M. E. Cady was a delegate to the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church which met in Cleveland, Ohio, in May.

'71. Rev. Frances B. Denio of Bangor (Me.) Theological Seminary will deliver the Y. M. C. A. address at commencement. This class will hold its quarter century reunion this commencement.

'73. C. E. Blake is teaching in Pomona College, Cal. He is now taking the place of Prof. Norton, who occupies the chair of Greek, while Prof. Norton is away on a year's leave of abscence. Prof. Blake teaches the whole department, college and preparatory, and has five hours of work each day.

'76. W. W. Gay, who has been the Washington correspondent for the New York *World*, has been gazetted by that paper to take the place of James Creeman as war correspondent at Havana, Cuba.

'79. Rev. H. W. Hulbert of Cincinnati is the chairman of the committee to arrange for developing the Foreign mission interest of pastors, and for awakening Foreign mission interest in all Sunday schools and young people's societies. This was in connection with the general assembly of 1896, held at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., and the board of foreign missions.

'82. C. D. Pillsbury of Los Angeles, Cal., writes the UNDERGRADUATE as follows: "Every alumnus who permits his subscription to run over due deserves to have his diploma cancelled. As our college paper is the only means whereby we can keep up acquaintance with those who were once our very dear associates, we certainly should be prompt in paying the $1 yearly subscription. If we desire a good paper we ought not to require the editors to spend their energies in dunning delinquent subscribers." It would be a great boom financially, for the UNDERGRADUATE, if some of our worthy delinquents looked at the matter in this light.

'91. Vernon C. Harrington, who is pastor at Belchertown, Mass., spent a week in town recently. He will go in a few days to New Hampshire for his summer vacation.

'94. Bigelow intends to enter Andover Theological seminary this fall. He is preaching at Weybridge at present.

'94. Ira H. LaFleur was chairman of the Middlebury delegation to to the Democratic State convetion.

'95. Charles Ross of Poultney visited friends in town the 24th.

'95. Marshall, who attends the Columbian Medical at Washington, is home for the vacation.

'95. Leonard of Poultney will give the Memorial address at East Middlebury.

LOCALS.

The coming man?

The senior's exam's began the first of June.

Prof. McGilton has purchased a Rambler bicycle.

Noyes, '98, U. V. M., called on friends in college April 30.

Miss Rockwood, '97, has been ill for a few days this month.

Corbin, '99, was visited by his father the early part of the month.

Miss Palmer, '99, visited friends in Vergennes over Sunday the 24th.

"Tug" Wilson was at the college last month making his yearly visit.

For information concerning the Triasic age, apply to F. N. Davis, '96.

Rides to Lake Dunmore have been the order of the day so far this term.

Williamson, '96, sang at the Memorial day exercises held in New Haven.

E. F. Houghton of Boston, Mass., was the guest of Parkhurst, '97, Sunday, the 24th.

The senior class were received by Prof. and Mrs. Wright Saturday evening, May 23.

Brown, '97, supplied the pulpit at the Baptist church in Bristol Sunday, the 24th.

A reception was tendered the seniors, Wednesday, the 27th, by Prof. and Mrs. Bryant.

Miss Nash of Brattleboro was the guest of Miss Allen, '98, a few days this month.

Whitney, '97, spent Saturday, the 16th, with Roscoe, '96, at his home in New Haven.

Prof. and Mrs. Burt gave a reception to the seniors at their home Friday evening, the 22d.

Misses Hapgood, '98, and '99, received a visit from their father, Hon. M. J. Hapgood, April 30.

Owing to the illness of her grandmother, Miss Pollard, '96, was home a few days this month.

Prof. Sanford was one of the judges at a prize speaking contest in Rutland Friday evening, the 22d.

A concrete walk has been put in from the schoolhouse to the post-office, a much-needed improvement.

Miss Barker, '99, returned home May 21 on account of ill health. She was accompanied by her sister.

We are evidently on the eve of another revolution, as we have heard mutterings of trouble over the tax on tea.

At present our local editor has the measles. Consequently his duties have fallen upon the other editors.

G. F. Andrews–Brown, '92, spent Friday, the 22d, in Middlebury while on his bridal tour through this section.

The town has again resorted to electric lights after experimenting for four months with various degrees of darkness.

Howard, '99, Stone, '99, Waterman, '99, and Whitney, '99 have been chosen as Parker prize speakers.

The Misses Hapgood, '98 and '99, are to attend the Dartmouth commencement, where their cousin will be graduated.

The terrace in front of Starr hall is to be widened even with the one before Painter hall. It is certainly a good idea.

Fitzpatrick, '96, Lamson, '96, Russell, '97, and Whitney, '97, attended the U. V. M.–Bates college game Wednesday, May 13.

Cadwell, '97, attend d the Wesleyan U. V. M. game held in Burlington the 22d. Fitzpatrick, '96, and Russell, '97, attended the game the 23d.

One can scarcely go to any part of the surrounding country these days without running across some tired looking Soph. out collecting specimens for botany.

Owing to the logs being up the creek, boating this season has been a thing of the past. The seniors are hoping that by their vacation it will be possible to enjoy that delightful pleasure.

Misses Hapgood, '98, and '99, Nichols, '99, and Scoles, '99, and Messrs. Wales, '96, Bliss, '98, Sessions, '98, Rice, '98, Hubbard, '99, and Whitney, '99, have undergone a siege of the measles during the past month.

While the ball team was away on their trip, the New Yorks played the Vermonters, resulting in a

score of 6 to 7 in favor of the former. Batteries, Foster, '96, and Goodman, '96; Lamson, '96, and Halpin, '98.

Halpin, '98, has the measles.

Miss Verder, '98, spent Sunday, the 31st, at her home in Rutland.

Misses Gerould, '97, and Sturges, '99, spent Sunday, the 31st, at the home of Bristol, '98, in Vergennes.

The Senior base ball team played the Brandon Hustlers Tuesday, the 26th, and were defeated by a score of 5 to 4.

The Alpha Chi's gave a pleasant surprise to Profs. Howard, Sanford and Wright and wife at the home of Miss Higley, '98, Tuesday evening, the 26th.

Prof. Henry B. Miter, formerly professor of English literature and elocution in Marietta College, has been secured to train the students for the speaking contest and commencement orations. He began his work yesterday.

Plans for the proposed new library building have been prepared by a New York architect and are now on exhibition. They include a thirty by sixty foot book room, a reading room, thirty by forty feet, and the various other apartments necessary for a well appointed college library. The perspective drawing shows a substantial building of rock-cut stone in the Romanesque style. It makes an excellent appearance on paper, and we hope soon to see it in stone. The cost of erecting it is estimated at fifty thousand dollars.

OUR NEW FLAG.

Saturday marked another day in the history of our college. It was the day when she raised the American flag upon the flagstaff which was given to the college by Mr. Joseph Battell.

This movement of raising a flag upon our campus was instigated by Miss Verder, '95, who gave an essay on that subject last year. As a consequence a paper was drawn up by the Freshmen and about fifty dollars were signed. The flag was a gift of the father of Miss Verder, '95, and one which is appreciated very much by the students.

The exercises began at 10 o'clock Saturday morning, the G. A. R. post and friends of the college being present. The President gave the opening address, which was a very able one and enthusiastic. Then the Glee club sang the "Star Spangled Banner" as the flag was being raised by Miss Verder, '98, daughter of the one who donated the flag. Charles A. Munroe followed with the Senior oration, which was a remarkably good one, and rendered in a pleasing way. The exercises were closed by the Glee club singing "America."

NINETY-SIXTH COMMENCEMENT OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

SUNDAY, JUNE 21.

10:45 a. m. Baccalaureate discourse by the President.

8:00 p. m. Anniversary of the college Y. M. C. A. Address by Prof. F. B. Denio, Bangor, Me. class of '71.

ALUMNI DAY—TUESDAY, JUNE 23.

10:00 a. m. Preliminary meeting of the Associated Alumni at the college chapel.

11:00 a. m. Address before the alumni at the Congregational church by Prof. C. W. Hall, Minneapolis, Minn., class of '71.

Poem by Wm. W. Gay, New York, class of '76.

Dinner and social reunion at the Addison House.

8:00 p. m. Speaking by the Freshman and Sophomore classes for the Parker and Merrill prizes.

COMMENCEMENT DAY—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24.

8:30 a. m. Annual meeting of the associated alumni at the college chapel.

10:30 a. m. Exercises of the graduating class. Conferring of degrees.

Corporation dinner at the Addison House.

8:00 p m. Commencement concert.

8:00 to 11 p. m. President's reception at his residence on Seminary street.

The annual meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa society will be held in the vestry of the Congrgational church on Tuesday, June 23, at the conclusion of the alumni exercises.

Tickets to Middlebury and return will be sold at reduced rates at the principal stations on the Central Vermont and Rutland railroads.

Those coming by rail should ask the ticket agent at the station at which they take the train for a special round trip ticket; otherwise they will not receive the benefit of the reduced rates, as no free return certificate will be supplied.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

The offerings made by the college trustees and students for furnishing the Y. M. C. A. room have been liberal, and the furniture is being rapidly secured. May we make one more appeal this year? If we can send one or two men to the Northfield summer school, it will be a great advantage to the college as well as the Y. M. C. A. Nearly every college and preparatory school in New England and New York will be represented with from one to ten delegates. Let us be second to none of our size.

The Y. W. C. A. mission study class have begun the study of Confucius and his religion.

Miss Spencer, a travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer movement, was in town May 9 and 10. Saturday was given up to personal interviews and a meeting of the Y. W. C. A. Sunday a mass meeting was held in the chapel. Her visit was very much enjoyed and added much to the interest in mission work.

BASE BALL.

The base ball team started on the trip Monday night, May 11th. The first game was played at Poultney on Tuesday, the 12th. This game was substituted at a very late date for one of the Union college games which were cancelled. The team at Poultney is a strong one, having among its players Ross, '93. Ross, '95, and others of equal experience. Aside from these the battery was Collins and Heddrickson of the Ridgfields of Albany, hired especially for the game. Collins is a left handed pitcher and the boys had hard work to find him. Wells pitched the first four innings and Parkhurst the last four. Only eight innings were played, the college team having to leave for Johnstown.

MIDDLEBURY VS. POULTNEY.

	AB.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Riggs, ss	4	0	0	0	0	6
Wasson, c	3	0	0	7	4	2
Wells, 3b and p	3	1	1	3	3	2
Parkurst, cf. and p	4	1	0	1	2	0
Rice, lf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Kimball, rf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Skeels, 3b. and cf	3	0	0	4	2	1
Cadwell, 1b	3	0	1	6	0	2
Prentis, 2b	3	0	1	1	0	0
	31	2	3	24	12	13

Earned runs, 0; two base hits, Cadwell, Prentis; stolen bases, 5; struck out by Parkhurst 2, Wells 5; wild pitch by Parkhurst 1; base on balls, Parkhurst 0, Wells 2; bases on pitched ball, Wells 1.

	AB.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Dow, lf	6	3	4	0	0	0
Chas. Ross, ss	6	0	0	2	4	0
Jones, 1b	6	1	1	7	0	1
Hooker, rf	5	2	2	1	0	0
Mark, 3b	4	3	2	1	0	1
Hendrickson, c	3	1	2	10	0	0
Kinner, cf	3	2	0	0	0	0
Collins, p	5	2	0	0	9	0
Paul Ross, 2b	5	2	1	2	1	1
	43	16	12	*23	14	3

* Riggs out hit by a batted ball.

Home run by Dow; 3 base hits, C. Ross, Dow; stolen bases 4; Earned runs, 4; struck out by Collins, 10; bases on balls 3.

Score by Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Middlebury	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	— 2
Poultney	2	3	4	1	2	4	2	0	—18

Here the boys played the Johnstown League team, a remarkably strong one.

MIDDLEBURY VS. JOHNSTOWN LEAGUE.

	AB.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Riggs, ss	4	0	0	1	2	0
Wasson, c	3	1	2	10	1	1
Wells, 3b. and p	4	0	2	1	1	0
Parkhurst, cf and p	4	0	3	1	0	0
Rice, lf	4	1	1	0	0	1
Kimball, rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Skeels, 3b and cf	3	2	1	2	1	0
Cadwell, 1b	2	0	0	5	1	2
Prentis, 2b	4	0	2	1	0	1
	31	4	11	21	6	5

Earned runs, 2; passed balls by Wasson, 1; bases on balls by Wells, Chester, 2; Struck out by Wells, 8; stolen bases 2.

	AB.	R.	1B.	PO	A	E.
McClain	4	1	2	5	0	0
Persse	3	2	0	1	0	0
Stoller	4	2	1	1	4	0
Stephenson	5	1	2	6	0	1
Henry	5	1	2	0	0	0
Chester	2	1	0	5	2	0
Rickets	4	1	0	1	0	0
E. Miller	4	1	0	0	0	0
B. Miller	1	0	0	2	8	0
	32	10	7	21	8	1

Earned runs, 2; home runs stolen, 2; base hit, Stephenson; passed balls by McClain, 1; bases on balls by Stoller, 2; by Miller, 1; Stolen bases, 4; s ruck out by Stoller, 2; by Miller, 2.

Score by Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Johnstown League	2	0	6	1	0	1	0	—10
Middlebury	1	2	0	0	0	1	0	— 4

This game was played after the boys had had a hard night's ride. The game was a streaky one. Skeels did good work behind the bat, especially in throwing to second. The boys could not find the ball, Munroe being a left-handed pitcher. This team is one of the best in Central New York.

MIDDLEBURY VS. ST. JOHNS MILITARY.

	AB.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Riggs, ss	4	0	0	2	5	2
Wasson, cf	2	0	1	0	0	0
Wells, 3b	3	0	0	5	1	1
Parkhurst, p	3	0	2	0	1	1
Rice, lf	4	0	0	2	1	0
Kimball, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Skeels, c	3	0	1	3	2	1
Cadwell, 2b	2	0	0	5	0	0
Prentis, 2b	3	0	0	6	0	1
	26	0	4	*23	10	6

* Munroe out, hit by batted ball.

Struck out by Parkhurst, 3; base on balls by Parkhurst, 6; passed balls by Skeels 2; wild pitch by Parkhurst 1.

	AB.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Le Stage, c	4	2	2	13	2	0
De Wolf, ss	5	3	3	1	3	0
Beardsley, 2b	4	2	1	6	0	1
Munroe, p	5	2	1	0	13	0
Reid, 1b	2	3	1	2	0	0
Stewart, 3b	5	1	2	1	0	0
Monahan, cf	5	0	0	0	0	1
Trenandey, rf	5	0	1	0	0	0
Miller, lf	3	1	1	1	0	0
	28	14	12	24	18	2

Earned runs. 3; struck out by Munroe, 10; bases on balls by Munroe, 5; stolen bases, 4; 2 base hits, DeWolfe 2, LeStage 1, Munroe 1, Stewart 1.

Score by Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
St. John's Military	2	0	5	0	1	2	1	3	—14
Middlebury	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 0

This game was characterized by slow playing on both sides, the rain of the morning making the diamond a little soft. Wells was batted freely in the 3d and 4th innings and Parkhurst went into the box. The feature of the game was the pop flys batted to second base, Wood having four put-outs in two innings.

MIDDLEBURY VS. COLGATE.

	AB.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E
Riggs, ss	2	0	1	1	2	2
Wasson, c	4	2	2	4	2	0
Wells, 3b. and p	5	2	1	0	4	2
Parkhurst, lf and p	4	2	1	2	1	1
Rice c f	4	1	2	0	0	0
Kimball, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Skeels, 3b. lf	4	0	0	4	0	1
Cadwell, 1b	4	0	0	9	0	0
Prentis, 2b	5	2	2	3	1	2
	39	9	9	*23	1	8

*Carpenter out for cutting base.

Earned runs, 2, struck out by Wells, 2; by Parkhurst 3; passed ball by Skeels, 2; stolen bases, 8; 2 base hit, Prentis; base on balls off, Wells, 3; Parkhurst, 2.

	AB	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Carpenter, 3b	6	2	2	2	2	1
Sheldon, p, ss	3	3	1	2	4	2
S. S. Ford, c	5	2	2	3	2	0
Hodge, cf	4	1	1	0	0	0
N. S. Ford, p., cf	5	2	2	0	2	0
Wood, 2b	5	1	1	8	2	2
Hudson 3b., lf	4	1	1	0	0	2
Allen, rf	4	2	2	1	1	0
Watkins, 1b	3	1	0	11	1	0
	39	15	12	27	14	7

Earned runs, 4; struck out by Sheldon 3; bases on balls, off, Ford, 2; Sheldon, 2; stolen bases, 14; 2 base hit, Hudson; bases on balls off, Ford, 1, Sheldon, 2.

Score by Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Colgate	0	0	6	4	4	0	0	1	x	—15
Middlebury	3	0	0	0	4	0	1	1	0	— 9

The team left for Hamilton Saturday morning and played at 2:30 Saturday afternoon. The game was a little slow. Wells pitched a good game. The score was as follows:

MIDDLEBURY VS HAMILTON.

	AB.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Riggs, ss	4	0	0	0	3	1
Wasson, c	4	0	1	12	1	2
Wells, 3 b. and p	4	1	1	1	14	1
Parkhurst, cf. and p	4	1	1	0	1	0
Rice, lf	3	0	0	0	1	0
Kimball, rf	4	1	0	0	0	1
Skeeles, 3b and cf	4	0	1	2	2	0
Cadwell, 1b	3	0	0	9	0	1
Prentis, 2b	4	0	1	2	1	0
	35	3	5	*26	23	6

* Robertson out, hit by batted ball.

Earned runs, 1; stolen bases, 5; struck out by Wells, 11; wild pitch by Wells, 1; hit by pitched ball by Wells, 1; base on balls, off Wells 1; 3 base hit, Parkhurst.

	AB.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Stevens, c	5	4	5	5	1	0
Macnaughton, 2b	5	2	3	5	4	3
Rose, 3b	5	0	0	2	1	1
Dewey, cf	5	0	0	1	0	0
Rogers, ss	5	1	2	0	5	1
Hyde, rf	5	0	1	1	0	0
Robertson, p	5	1	1	0	5	0
Cookingham, 1b	4	0	0	12	0	0
Kelsey, rf	4	1	0	1	0	0
	43	9	12	27	16	5

Earned runs, 3; stolen bases, 9; struck out, by Robertson 2; base on balls, off Robertson 1; passed ball by Stevens, 1; 3 base hit, Macnaughton; 2 base hit, Sievens 2, Rogers 2.

Score by Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Hamilton	0	0	2	3	1	2	0	1	0	— 9
Middlebury	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	— 3

Saturday, May 24 we played Norwich University there. The game was characterized by errors and slow playing. Austin was wild as a hawk and our outfield were all substitutes, the three regular men being unable to play their positions. Bearss, Ward, Skinner and Wells played their positions well.

MIDDLEBURY VS. NORWICH UNIVERSITY.

	AB.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Riggs, ss	4	0	0	1	4	2
Wells, p	3	2	1	0	10	0
Skeels, 3b	3	2	0	3	4	1
Prentiss, 2b	5	0	1	1	2	1
Goodman, c f	5	2	2	0	0	1
Cadwell, 1b	3	0	0	13	0	1
Halpin, l. f	4	1	2	0	0	3
Hubbard, r. f	4	0	0	0	0	0
Bryant, c	3	1	0	9	2	0
	34	8	6	27	15	10

Earned runs, 2; two base hits, Halpin; stolen bases, 2; bases on balls, by Wells 1; struck out, by Wells 8; umpire, Loveland.

	AB.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Evans, l. f	6	3	2	0	0	0
Bearss, c	5	1	1	15	1	1
Austin, p., 3b	6	4	3	1	1	0
Plumley, 1b	6	2	2	6	1	2
Stevens, c.	4	3	1	0	1	0
Skinner, 3b., p	6	1	3	1	1	0
Talbot, r f	6	1	0	0	0	0
Ward, 2b	6	1	2	2	2	1
Carlton, s. s	5	1	1	2	0	3
	15	17	15	27	7	7

Earned runs, 3; two base hits, Plumley, 2; stolen bases, 10; base on balls by Austin 8, by Skinner 2; struck out by Austin 13.

Score by Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Norwich	5	3	0	1	3	2	0	0	3	—17
Middlebury	2	2	1	0	0	0	2	0	1	— 8

The Colby boys were on hand Thursday to play the game arranged with our team on that day, but as it rained that afternoon they left on the 3 o'clock train for home.

Our base ball team will play Norwich University on the campus Saturday.

EXCHANGES.

A flag 90 feet long and 60 feet wide has been voted to Princeton as the most popular college in the United States.

The St. Stephen's College *Messenger* aims distinctly to emphasize its literary side. Its success in this line warrants its aim.

The Exchange Humor in the April number of the *Vermont Academy Life* deserves mention. Their jokes were new and striking.

Harvard has recently reduced the number of courses required for a degree from eighteen to fifteen, thus practically making a three years course.

We find the *Bates Student* to be one of the best exchanges we receive. The last issue contained an article by Dr. Parkhurst which lent special attraction to that number.

Among our exchanges we find that some of them have the custom of using their local news column for advertising. It certainly detract's ones interest from the paper and should not be allowed even if it is a means of obtaining money.

Chaucer describes men and things as they are; Shakespere as they would be under the circumstances proposed; Spencer as he would wish them to be; Milton as they ought to be; Byron as they ought not to be; Shelley, as they never can be.—[Ex.

'99.

When all my thoughts in vain are thunk,
When all my winks in vain are wunk.
What saves me from a rocky flunk?
My Pony. —[*Ex.*

TOO TRUE.

Some men are born for great things,
And some are born for small,
And some it isn't recorded
Why they were born at all.—[*The. W. P. I.*

While in college he was "sporty,"
As an athlete beat them all,
Never found he any equal
As a pitcher in base ball.

He became a local preacher,
Blessed his practice on the nine;
And all the people flocked to hear him,
His delivery was so fine.—[*Ex.*

A BASE BALL ROMANCE.

The star first-baseman wooed a maid
Extremely fair to see.
"My heart strikes out for you," he said,
"I pray there fly with me."

"Oh! that's a fair hit," she replied
(He felt the game at stake),
"But he who scores 'gainst love like mine
Some sacrifice must make."

He saw his error then, and took
A short stop, but too late.
She heard the tea-bell ring, and made
A home run for the plate.
—[*Jeff. in Univ. Cynic.*

A FRIENDLY HAVEN.

Said the whiskered "med"
To the fair "co-ed",
"I'm like a ship at sea—
Exams. are near,
And much I fear
I will unlucky be."
Then murmured she,
"A shore I'll be,
Come, rest, thy journey o'er."
The darkness fell
And all was well,
For the ship had hugged the shore.
—[*Ex.*

GIFTS.

"Oh, World-God, give me Wealth!" the Egyptian cried.
His prayer was granted.
Seek Pharaoh's race today and ye shall find
Rust and the moth, silence and dusty sleep.

"Oh, World God, give me Beauty!" cried the Greek.
His prayer was granted.
Go seek the sunshine race, ye find today
A broken column and a lute unstrung.

"Oh, World God, give me Power!" the Roman cried.
His prayer was granted.
A roofless ruin stands where once abode
The imperial race of everlasting Rome.

"Oh, God-Head, give me Truth," the Hebrew cried.
His prayer was granted.
No fire consumes him, neither floods devour—
Immortal through the lamp within his hand.
—[*Hamilton Monthly.*

COLLEGE NOTES.

University of Chicago's income last year was $520,000.

There are about 80,000 members of college Greek letter fraternities.

Of the five Venezuelan Commissioners three are graduates of Yale and two of Columbia.

Mrs. Ludlow, of Worcester, Mass., has given $150,000 to Columbia College to found a chair of music.

Yale's boating crew has been invited by the president of the Hamburg, Germany, Regatta company, to participate in the regatta to be held there July 17 and 18.

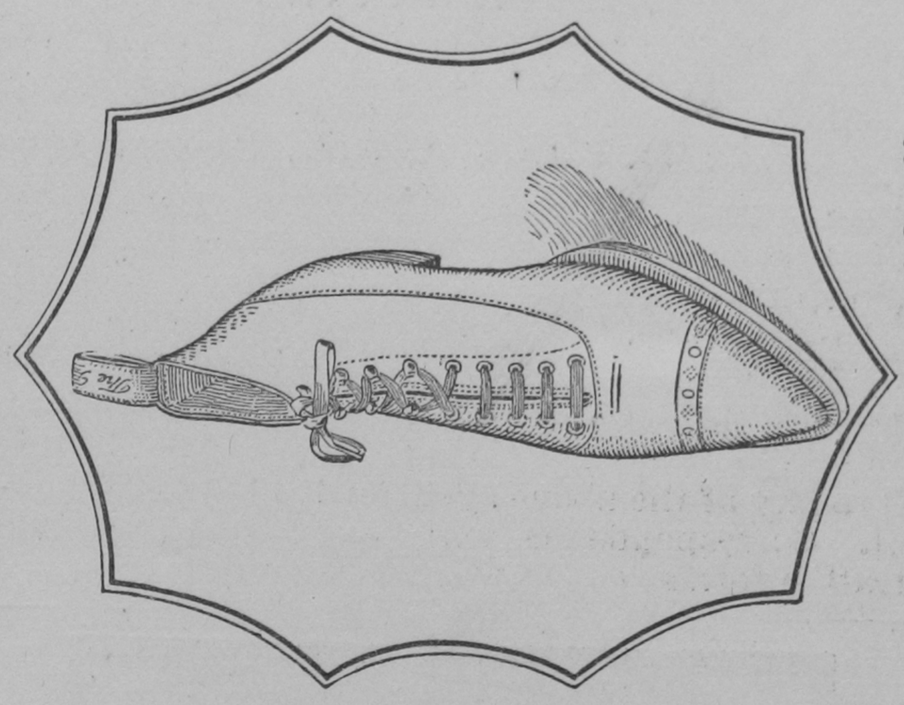
Cornell Chapter of Chi Psi has purchased the famous Fiske McGraw mansion at Ithaca for $45 000. The mansion cost a quarter of a million and is no doubt the finest chapter house in the world.

It is rumored that Rockfeller has been negotiating with Dr. Nansen for the purchase of the lately discovered North Pole. He intends to use it as a flag staff for Chicago University.—[The Laurentian.

The rhetoric class of the University of Michigan is engaged in collecting all slang words and phrases in common use. These will be published with definitions, together with a list of slang in use ten years ago.—[Delphic.

Princeton's new Athletic Field is rapidly nearing completion. It will be the largest athletic field in the country, for on it will be laid out eight tennis courts and thr e baseball diamonds, which in the fall will be converted into two football fields.

The first college glee club ever organized in an American college was the Yale Glee club of the class of '66. It was started by six men from Phillips academy of the class of '59 of that institution, who on going to Yale formed the nucleus of the Yale Glee club, then organized for the first time. This was the first glee club in any American college.



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